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THE MAN WITH A GRUDGE.

There was once a man who bore a grudge,
  Stoutly he bore it many a year.
"Beware!" said the parson. He answered, "Fudge!
  Well it becomes me never to fear.

"Men for this world, and saints for heaven;
  Too much of meekness shows a fool;
My loaf shall rise with a livelier leaven;
  'Give as you get,' is a good old rule."

The longer he bore it, the more it grew,
  Grew his grudge, as he trudged along;
Till in sight of a pearly gate he drew,
  And he heard within it a wondrous song.

The shining porter said, "Walk in."
  He sought to do so; the gate was strait:
Hard he struggled his way to win,
  The way was narrow the grudge was great.

He turned in haste to lay it down;
  He strove to tear it away—to cut—
But it had fast to his heart strings grown;
  "O wait," he cried; but the door was shut.

Through windows bright and clear he saw
  The blessed going with their Lord to sup.
But satan clapped on his grudge a claw;
  Hell opened her mouth and swallowed him up.

—Sara Hammond Palfrey.

THE PAIFIC

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THE PEOPLE DEEPLY STIRRED.

Never was a city more stirred than were San Francisco and neighboring cities by the attempted assassination of Francis J. Heney in the court room in San Francisco last Friday afternoon during a brief recess in the trial of Abe Reuf, under indictment for graft. Word went out that the shot was a fatal one and that the courageous prosecutor could not survive. A wave of righteous indignation against all who had to do with the damnable deed, either directly or indirectly, swept not only over the bay cities, but all over the state, and it was evident at once that no longer would indifference on the part of the public as to the graft prosetion allow it to drag on toward the defeat which a subsidized press and the interested "higher-ups" were strenuously endeavoring to accomplish.

The Pacific will reach very few readers who do not know already that chambers of commerce, leagues of justice and civic and religious bodies of almost every name met immediately and in stirring, scathing speeches and resolutions condemned the devilish act and pledged support to the end that justice might have sway and the men who are striving lawfully to fix the guilt of persons who have tarnished the name and fame of the city by the Golden Gate be allowed henceforth to move on with the trials as trials in duly constituted courts should always move.

Certain things seem to us evident at this writing: The man who fired the shot was not hired to do it by any of the parties on trial or under indictment for graft. Rejected by the prosecution as juror in a previous case, deprived of the four thousand dollars which would have been his from the hands of the bribers if he had succeeded in getting on as a juror, incited and inflamed by friends of the grafters who remarked from time to time that they would shoot any man who had publicly branded them as Mr. Heney had him, encouraged by the caricatures and abuse of the forces of the prosecution by a corrupt press, he nerved himself to send the shot which he hoped would end the career of the heroic leader of those forces. That he sought to take the life of Mr. Heney thus publicly instead of in some more hidden manner, in a way in which he might not have been known, indicates that Haas was practically insane. He had brooded over his loss of reputation and money and had been so influenced by the remarks of others—some of whom doubtless had made their words as stinging and poisonous as possible with the hope that they might lead to such dire result,—that he in the boldest manner essayed what any sane man would know, if attempted, must send him to the gallows.

A small pistol, mysteriously in his possession, made it possible for the would-be assassin to take his own life within prison walls. But with the bullet,—which because of the unsteady aim of the criminal went crashing into Mr. Heney's cheek instead of his brain,—now extracted, the latter bids fair to have a hand yet again in the graft cases, and to aid in bringing to a conclusion that which he so courageously undertook and so valiantly carried on in the face of the most desperate opposition from those most directly threatened.

With the public so thoroughly aroused it is not likely that many of the persons who have done so much to discredit the prosecution will dare now scarcely to peep; and with the forces of the prosecution strengthened by the eminent lawyers from whom the murderous bullet brought a tender of assistance, the graft cases ought to go on now to a speedy termination.

The San Francisco Examiner ought to learn a lesson that would make it more decent, and a safer paper for circulation. It has always been a mystery to the present writer that Mr. Hearst, with his training for better things, could give himself to the publication of papers that have for years been to the pulling down of the communities in which they are published instead of to their upbuilding. It is beyond intelligent question that the Hearst papers had to do indirectly with the assassination of President McKinley and with the attempt on the life of Mr. Heney. We believe that the San Francisco Chronicle, the Oakland Tribune and such San Francisco weeklies as the Argonaut, Town Talk, the Wasp, and the News Letter have erred in their treatment of the graft prosecution; and that a reform is urgent. No paper should be allowed to send forth such reflections as some of them have sent forth on the courts and public officers engaged in the prosecution of men criminally charged. If this can be prevented in no other way, then let laws go upon our statute books that will make such publication a criminal offense. Better far less freedom of the press, than a condition that will allow the free course of justice to be hindered and blocked.

Today Abe Reuf sits in greater terror than ever before. The walls of the penitentiary have been staring him in the face for many months; but now he fears that a bullet may end his career. Such a thing is possible but not probable. Nothing but justice is wanted in Mr. Reuf's case, and there is no one behind the scenes suggesting to cranks or insane persons.

But what about the San Francisco police force? The indications are that a thorough weeding out is needed there. Some one, it appears, endeavored to keep Detective Burns, an attache of the prosecuting attorney's office, from seeing and interviewing the criminal Haas in the county jail at a time when it was very important that information be wormed out of him if possible. Friends of persons under indictment for graft should be given mighty little to do with any one in any way implicated in the graft matters. Let justice have free course, should be everybody's watchword!

At a recent meeting of San Francisco Presbyterians the Rev. William Rader, pastor of Calvary Presbyterian Church, said that he returned from the Synod impressed with the fact that California is suffering from too many churches in small towns, and that many ministers are poorly paid and many churches poorly equipped.

PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

Jacob Riis of New York and Governor Folk of Missouri are on California lecture courses this season.

Pomona College had four of its graduates in Congregational theological seminaries last year. Pacific of Forest Grove, had three.

The team of the San Diego man who is making a trip across the continent with four Angora goats travels on an average fifteen miles a day.

"If I were mayor of a city raiding gambling hells," said Dr. Torrey, in Los Angeles, "I would begin in the palatial houses where they play bridge whist for money."

Chaplain Drahms of San Quentin says that about 30 per cent of the crimes in California are committed in saloons and that liquor is the cause of at least half of the crime.

The three buildings to be dedicated by Pomona College next Saturday are: The Andrew Carnegie Library, The Gilbert K. Smiley Dormitory and The Frank P. Brackett Observatory.

Pacific coast products to Chicago by an all-way water route is what Vice-President Fairbanks predicted a few days ago in a speech in Chicago. This will be by the Panama canal and a deep water way connecting Chicago with the Mississippi.

Railroads in the Pacific Northwest anticipate a heavy passenger traffic because of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition in Seattle. The Northern Pacific in view of this has ordered 63 new coaches, which, with some just received, will give that road 100 more coaches next year than it has had in use this year.

The Rev. J. R. Knodell is superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League for Oregon now. He was practically that from the time he went to Portland, nearly a year ago, although the Rev. Dr. E. S. Chapman was actually superintendent and he was the assistant. It was Mr. Knodell who led in the successful campaign last summer which resulted in a large number of the counties in Oregon voting "dry." Recently Dr. Chapman resigned the superintendency in Oregon and Mr. Knodell, of course, was appointed.

The Presbyterian Chinese Church, Los Angeles, with a membership of 36, contributed $567 for foreign missions the last year, an average of $15.75 a member. It was the banner church per member in the Synod of California. The church at San Anselmo, the seat of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary, gave at the rate of $6.03 per member for foreign missions and $9.54 for home missions. The church ranking third in its gifts per member was the First Pasadena, $5.65. Immanuel of Los Angeles, the Presbyterian church of largest membership in California, gave at the rate of $2.08.

The Congregational church at Santa Cruz led the churches of Northern California last year in the number of persons received on confession, the number being 69. The First Church of Oakland stood next with 61, and the San Jose church next with 49. In Southern California the First of Los Angeles led with 75 and the next in order was the Vernon Church, Los Angeles, with 25. In Washington the Swedish church at Everett led with 68. The Swedish of Spokane received 64 and Plymouth of Seattle 64. In Oregon the church at Ashland led with 37. Ebenezer of Portland came next with 35, and the Highland of Portland stood third with 24.

Commenting on the benefit which came to the Democratic party in Ohio and Indiana because of the county option laws enacted by the Republican legislatures, The Oregonian remarks: "But now since it is over, will the local option laws in Ohio and Indiana be repealed? Nay, verily. The party that has had the benefit of the storm against this law will not even so much as suggest a repeal. If the liquor trade would cease fighting, be as quiet and decent as it can, and realize that it exists simply by sufferance, but mustn't be arrogant, it would have very little trouble—in the districts where permitted at all." This is encouraging, actually refreshing, when a great daily paper talks in such a manner to the liquor forces—telling them that they have what they do have simply by sufferance. The daily papers are speaking out against the liquor traffic as they did not a few years ago. They who own them have their ears to the ground and they hear the roar and rumble of the great wave that is sweeping the saloon out of existence.

The Standard, a Baptist paper published in Chicago, began last week a series of articles by Professor John Wright Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary on "Visions of Light and Counsels of Cheer from Great Poets." The first is on "Dante and the Divine Comedy." This poem, he says, speaks to the deepest heart alike of the man of the thirteenth century and of the twentieth. The poem is ragarded as great because of "the pure and rich imagination that glows through it." The power of the poem is found to lie in "the greatness of its spiritual insight and passion." In conclusion says Professor Buckham: "Among all the great truths which the 'Divine Comedy' holds as jewels in its girdle, the central and outshining one is that of Christianity itself—God is love. It is not quite that conception of love, to be sure, which we find in the New Testament. There is here but faint reflection of that sacrificial love of the Father which finds expression in the cross. The divine love which Dante hymns is rather the beneficient love that bathes the universe in its eternal light, 'the love which moves the sun and other stars.' The Maker is one who dwells with gladness ever.' This is the love that calls forth the joy of philosophic contemplation. But if, in this transcendent Supreme Being of Dante's vision, we miss something of that human, compassionate, sacrificial love that lies at the heart of the Evangel, we shall do well to attribute it to the partial vision of his age rather than to himself and give not less earnest and full-hearted thanks for the grace that gave to this far-visioned spirit." Since writing the foregoing we learn that Professor Buckham's articles are syndicate articles, and will appear in several religious papers.

What shall be the nature of the Hawaiian exhibit at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition in Seattle next year? is a question which is being considered now. A representative of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington writes to Hawaii and says that an exhibit is desired which will include the showing of the part played by religion in the history and development of the islands, remarking in that connection: "As the missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions were the Fathers of the Christian Church in Hawaii and the founders of its civiliza-

tion, it is proposed to make the work of these missionaries a special feature of the exhibit of religions in the Hawaiian Islands." And the American Board has been asked for such objects in its possession as would illustrate the planting and development of Christianity in Hawaii. "Such objects are, for instance, documents (originals or facsimiles) relating to the establishing of churches and other religious institutions; models and photographs of church buildings, schools, etc., which are under church control; prints or photographs of the missionaries past and present; church registers (originals or copies); devotional literature and religious literature, printed and used in the islands. For the sake of contrast it is also desired to show the pre-Christian pagan rites and practices of the natives of the islands. It would be greatly appreciated if a loan could be secured of relics of the heathen times,—models and photographs of temples, shrines and altars; idols and other objects connected with worship and magic; outfit of a priest and sorcerer, etc." But, the people of Hawaii are not at all certain that this would be the best kind of exhibit. The Rev. W. B. Olson says in the Honolulu Friend: "Naturally scientific men would wish an exhibit as completely representative as possible of all stages in the evolution of Hawaii out of barbarism into twentieth century civilization. But a great popular exposition is an arena for advertising the advantages that have been achived rather than the disadvantages and crudities that have been abandoned. There are misconceptions enough abroad about Hawaii already. We ought not to add to them by giving the cursory visitor at Seattle the impression that Hawaii is still benighted. That impression is sure to be conveyed when pictures or objects harking back seventy-five years are brought to the front. The glory of Hawaii is that it is abreast of the age. People do not know this away from here. We are facing the same modern problems in the same modern conditions that are testing the rest of the world. And the ideal exhibit would be one that would show what has been wrought in the span of a single human life in actual constructive development. We can make a splendid showing at Seattle of what we are now in our educational and religious development. Let Bishop Museum be joined to the idols of the past. Let scientific students come hither to study the stages of Hawaii's evolution. But at Seattle let us show the world that we have arrived. Christianity did not emerge here from barbarism. It was transplanted from New England. Let it suffice, then, to show the stages of its growth, not in comparison with what was here before it, but rather with what is best in Christian lands elsewhere. And we need not apologize for what we have to show." Now, we see no good reason why the Hawaiian exhibit should not include all that the United States government commission suggests. In our judgment, there will be no more danger of misconception of the present status in Hawaii than there will be of misconception of Pugent Sound present-day civilization from old-time Indian exhibits at the exposition or from the totem pole in pioneer square in Seattle. Let us have Hawaii both as she was and as she is.

Two hundred and twenty-seven colleges and universities in the United States and Canada were represented at the International Student Conference at Columbus, Ohio. The delegates numbered 1,022. The number of students enrolled in Bible classes last year was 48,882. It is thought that the enrollment will reach 60,000 this year. John R. Mott said that the religious pulse-beat in the colleges was never so strong as now.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Dr. Munhall will take a tent and hold evangelistic meetings along the Panama canal zone.

It is said that more than sixty per cent of the Jewish families in this country are out of sympathy with the ancient church.

The American Bible Society colporters distributed Bibles in the United Staets the last year in twenty-seven different languages.

Up to the 1st of November 1,045 saloons had been voted out under the new county option law which went into effect in Ohio the 1st of September.

Through the Laymen's Missionary Movement twenty Presbyterian churches in Toronto, Canada, have increased their missionary contributions from $27,833 last year to $90,700 this year.

Only one graduate of Tuskegee Institute has ever been sent to the penitentiary. So said Booker T. Washington at the recent international student Bible conference at Columbus, Ohio. Among the uneducated Negroes and the Negroes without property are the criminals of the race.

William Sunday, the evangelist, began his first revival meeting for the season at Jacksonville, Illinois. The first two weeks there was no call for converts. In the two weeks after the call was made 1,227 responded. It is said that the revival was talked of in Jacksonville almost to the exclusion of national and state politics.

"Psychotherapy" is the name of a new magazine established in New York. Among the articles in the initial number is one by Professor Angell of Chicago University on "The Relation of Mind and Body." Another is by Professor Batten of New York on 'Healing in the Old Testament." Three of the contributors are physicians; two are ministers.

Dr. Chapman and Mr. Charles M. Alexander will leave for Australia and New Zealand in April and will hold evangelistic services in those countries for five months. Then they will go to some of the important mission centers in China and Japan, such as Canton, Pekin, Shanghai, Tokio and Yokohama. Seoul in Korea and Manila will be included.

An American branch of the Anglican and Eastern Church Union has been formed. Bishop Parker of New Hampshire of the Protestant Episcopal Church and Bishop Raphael of the Greek Armenian churches are the American vice-presidents, and the Bishop of Gibraltar is the Union's president. The Bishop of Gibraltar has made it the great work of his life to bring the Anglican and the Eastern churches into closer relations. A committee of American theologians will be appointed soon by the Protestant Episcopal Church to meet similar committees from the Russian and Greek Orthodox communions to confer as to positions and see if such modifications cannot be made as to make possible inter-communion. It is said that the Russian archbishop in this country suggested this step.

The body of the late Dr. Hiram Bingham was cremated in Baltimore, and the ashes will be carried to Honolulu, where he was born and where he resided for many years. Professor Moore of Harvard said recently concerning him: "When I think of what he has done during these fifty years in the Gilbert Islands, anything that the rest of us do appears too small to mention. I seem struck dumb in his

presence." The Boston Transcript says: "John Eliot's literary work for the Indians in this vicinity more than two centuries ago is about the only achievement that can be compared with Dr. Bingham's gifts to the savages of Micronesia. Well may the churches of America enroll him on their list of heroes and well may Sunday-schools contribute, as many of them are now doing, to the perpetuation of his Christian influence among the islands of the Pacifict through a missionary ship to be called the Hiram Bingham II."

When will the labor unions learn that lawlessness never pays and that it hurts their cause everywhere every time it is resorted to by individuals and passes without rebuke by the unions themselves . The New York Post comments in the following manner on a recent strike in that city: "We commend to labor unionists and their supporters the story of the taxicab cab strike that ended in a compromise yesterday. It is the same old tale of wanton lawlessness and of utter disregard of the rights of the taxicab company and its patrons. Innocent persons have been treated to vitriol, bricks and pistol shots. The property of the company has been injured wherever possible, and despite considerable police protection, much of it has been destroyed. The lives of innocent diners in hotels have even been jeopardized by the strikers. The natural result has been the defeat of the strikers because of the forfeiture of public confidence which inevitably accompanies violence of this kind, and the establishment of the 'open shop,' that is, the ousting of the union. Now, no sane man believes that this lawlessness is solely due to the city's toughs, or that it could not be controlled by the labor leaders themselves. Not one of them ever takes effective action against disorder, and most of them encourage it. The record of almost every strike in New York is the same—a deliberate violation of peace and order and insensate attempts to terrorize, to impoverish, and often to kill the employers. And labor wonders why its cause progresses no faster!"

A Boston rabbi likened Roosevelt to Elijah—even before Roosevelt said that the time might come when a Jew would be president of this republic. Speaking on "The Welfare of the Nation," Rabbi Eichler said in the course of his address: "While we are still too near him to judge him properly, we can already see the exalted place history will assign to Theodore Roosevelt. That place will be not as a peacemaker, nor as a canal builder, nor as a strenuous politician, but as the greatest moral preacher that America has produced. No subtle and fine ethical points, but the elemental, mighty and eternal truths constituted his message to the nation. He has been the great thunderer of the moral verities once proclaimed by the prophets, righteousness and justice. No preacher or teacher in America has ever brought home to our people the imperative command 'Thou shalt not steal' as Roosevelt did. I can in all reverence compare him to Elijah, the prophet of Israel, fighting almost single-handed against the false priests of Baal. Absolutely fearless, zealous and daring, Roosevelt stood up against America's demigods, the 'captains of industry,' and pointed out their moral corruption. The 'hard times' said to have resulted from this activity will be Roosevelt's greatest glory. He dared to touch our weakest spot—our love of prosperity. He taught us the lesson that a nation can live without prosperity, but must perish without righteousness." The Rabbi concluded his remarks about the President with a word as to his successor: "The mantle of Elijah has fallen upon the shoulders of a good man. May God grant him a double portion of wisdom to continue the work of his predecessor."

"CHURCH FOLKS."

W. N. Burr.

Not all church members are "church folks." Some of them who are very fine people and doing good work in the world along certain lines, are yet not "church folks." The criticism would be rather too severe, perhaps, if one were to say of them, "They are in the church, but not of it;" but still, they are not "church folks." Many who are "in" the church and "of" it, to some degree, are not on very familiar terms with its general work, nor with even the names of its representative workers.

I spent a delightful hour not long ago with a lady who can be truly called "a church woman." As a church member she knows what it is to which she belongs. The church to her is something more than a place to go to on Sundays. She has caught the church spirit; she lives and moves and has her being in the church atmosphere; she thinks in the terms of the church. She never speaks of a church society as "this order!" Her common speech betrays her a church woman. She reads the church papers. She is more or less familiar with most of the churches of her own denomination throughout the State in which she lives. I imagine that she reads such a department as the "Church and Ministerial Record" in The Congregationalist, with the same interest that a merchant manifests in the market reports.

"I want to know what is being done in the other churches as well as to keep up with affairs in my own church," she remarked. And as I made mention of this and that in the church world I found her to be about as familiar with the work and the workers as if she had been a close associate of the "Superintendent of Work Among the Churches." And this woman, by the way, is not a minister's wife. Indeed this particular church woman has never been the wife of any man. But she knows church life and thought and movement as well as if she had lived in a parsonage all her life.

I met a young layman not long ago who is a church man through and through. His business is not along church lines; but he seems to be as familiar with the general activities of the church as any of us. He talked of the "International Council at Edinburgh" as if he had been there. And how many there are in the membership of our churches who have not yet so much as heard whether there be any International Council at Edinburgh or anywhere else!

The conversation drifted toward social questions. "Have you seen Dr. Brown's 'Social Message of the Modern Pulpit?' I asked. "Oh, yes," he replied. "The book of Exodus means more than ever to a man who has read those lectures, doesn't it?"

He talked of the American Board familiarly, as one speaks of a member of his own family. There was still ringing in my ears when I met him the remark of a member of a Congregational church who, in a brief conversation concerning foreign missions had said, "Your Foreign Missionary Society, the American Board, I believe you call it." There was no "you," "they," "them," in the talk of this other man. He said "we," "our," "us." The church to him is something to which he feels he belongs, and something, too that belongs to him. He has placed heavy investments there, and he keeps himself thoroughly posted in the affairs of the institution. Blessed is the pastor who has a few such men as that to assist him in his work. The fellowship alone would make glad a pastor's heart. It is not

so much an outgrown virtue as some may imagine, to be intelligent "church folks." We may not care to make ourselves up after the pattern of the Drumtochty folk; and probably Nanny, in "The Little Minister," in all her narrow loyalty, is not just the sort of church woman that the world most needs today. You remember Nannie. "Sanders Webster, in his gratitude, wanted Nannie to become an Auld Licht, but she refused, saying, 'Mr. Dishart is worth a dozen o' Mr. Duthie, and I'm terrible fond o' Mrs. Dishart, but Established I was born and Established I'll remain till I'm carried out o' this house feet foremost.'" But, after all, there is something rather inspiring about Nannie. She was not one of the kind to be whipped about by every wind of doctrine or popularity that might be blowing, to come out in the end a church vagrant with "not much interest in it, anyhow." She had in her the blood of true "church folks."

Tulare, November 14, 1908.

CONCERNING CONGREGATIONAL FELLOWSHIP.

John Wright Buckham.

We are not untrue to our denominational fathers in reasserting today the principle of fellowship.

The principle of church fellowship was recognized in various ways after its inception at Salem. When the church was formed at Boston, although the Plymouth church was not represented, it was entreated to set apart the same day for prayer that God "would establish and direct them in their ways." In 1831 the troubles in the Watertown church were pacified by the Governor and others counseling with them, as members of a neighboring church (Man. Historical Call, iii:76). In 1832 the Boston church sought the advice of the elders and brethren of other churches on the question whether a person could, at the same time, hold the office of a civil magistrate and a ruling elder (Winthrop I:81).

Finally these and other expressions of fellowship were crystalized and given formal enunciation by the first general Synod of the Colonial churches in 1635, which framed the Cambridge Platform, noteworthy in the annals of Congregationalism. The statement of the Cambridge Platform with respect to church communion is as follows: "Although churches be distinct, and therefore may not be confounded one with another; and equal, and therefore have not dominion one over another; yet all churches ought to preserve church communion one with another, because they are all united unto Christ, not only as a mystical, but as a political head, whence is derived a communion suitable thereunto." The several methods of fellowshiping one another which the Cambridge Synod recommended to the churches were as follows: "Mutual care in taking thought for one another's welfare, consultation one with another, admonition, participation, recommendation and relief and succor."

As interpreted in the light of its history, therefore, American Congregationalism stands quite as much for the doctrine of fellowship as for that of independence. Too much honor cannot be given to Dr. Samuel Fuller of Plymouth and Governor Endicott of Salem, and others, for nourishing this principle; and to John Cotton, Hugh Peters and others for advocating it. Our New England forefathers, Pilgrims and Puritans alike, have been lauded, and rightly, for their uprightness, their stern attitude toward every form of evil, their splendid devotion to duty; but they ought also to be honored for their rare fidelity to the obligations of Christian fellowship. They believed, fully and earnestly, that the church means mutual care, brotherliness, affection. They believed that between members of the church and between churches there should be a warm and watchful and loving interest and helpfulness. The early history of our New England churches is full of instances in which the disagreements and differences, incident to the close and restricted relationships of that primitive life in the wilderness, were wisely and amicably settled by church meetings and church councils; in which the Spirit of God was invoked as Guide and Healer, and brotherly love calmed the excitements of doctrinal and personal strife.

Granted that they were intolerant toward any outside of their own fold. That was the fault of their time, rather than of themselves. As Dr. John Brown has well said: "Bigoted itself, Puritanism so dealt with the minds of its disciples as to make like bigotry impossible in the future."

Captain Roger Clapp of Dorchester once sententiously asked: "You have better food and raiment than was in former times, but have you better hearts than your forefathers had?" The application of this pointed question might be made to many other things besides food and raiment. With respect to church life, for instance, we have better opportunities for intercourse, more numerous and varied methods of exhibiting church fellowship than the forefathers, but have we more, have we as much, of the spirit of Christian love and fellowship as they? The principle of fellowship will not subvert or even encroach upon that of independence; rather will it supplement and fulfill it. Indeed the one principle is necessary to the other. Where each body of believers is free to govern itself, the more freedom is there, and the more obligation, for the exercise of fellowship, counsel, assistance. Our glory lies not more in our freedom than in the fulfillment of the obligations which freedom entails.

This principle of fellowship, the unity of the spirit, quite as much as that of independence, is the gift, coming to us from the fathers, which we Congregationalists are to offer to the world. A divided Christendom is groping, with blind hands, for some bond which will unite its scattered crippled forces. Catholicism, Episcopalianism, Presbyterianism hold out the vain hope of an organic unity. Such a hope is as yet hardly more than a dream. It is vain to expect to reduce the various religious beliefs, practices and preferences of humanity to strict uniformity. We cannot expect, at present, at least, to bring all sects and denominations into one great organization. The only unity possible is the unity of the spirit. To bring churches of the same denomination, different denominations, different sects, to fellowship one another, to recognize each others' honest purposes and good fruits, to work together for the coming of the Kingdom of God,—that is the way to promote Christian unity. The prayer of the Master "that they all may be one" can be fulfilled only as the spirit of Christian love, beginning with the members of the same church, who love each other because they are Christ's flows out to other churches, denominations, sects, till it encircles the whole Israel of God.

"Our exiled fathers crossed the seas" in search of religious freedom. They secured it. But, here in the great wilderness, they established another principle, also equally great,—religious fellowship. To preserve that fellowship

they drove out all who differed from them. It was their mistake more than their sin. It is ours to atone for their error by the widest and freest toleration and to fulfill their purpose by the largest and most loving fellowship.

Berkeley.

THE AID SOCIETY UPLIFT.

L. M. A.

It was toward the close of the Aid Society meeting. The women had been busily discussing the coming bazaar, which was to help cancel the church debt, and the hour had been filled with the subject of aprons, handkerchiefs, chicken dinners, fancy articles, etc., until only a few minutes remained before adjourning for lunch.

"Now," said the sweet-faced President, "we have spent a good deal of our time in discussing matters of dollars and cents. Much of the work of our Society necessarily deals with the subject, but let us try to get away from it for a little while. Has not someone an uplift for us in the few minutes left to us?

After a pause, a lady rose quietly. "I have something in mind that is to be brought before the Missionary Society this afternoon," she said, "but perhaps you'd like to be thinking of it a little while here. We are preparing a box for a home missionary down on the border, and I should like to read you the letter that came in response to our inquiry as to things that are most needed."

The letter was read, full of the unconscious heroism and pathos of the life on the frontier.

"I met this missionary last summer," put in another lady, "at a mountain resort where he was helping about the camp to pay the expenses of his vacation, and I thought what a waste it would seem to some people that so fine and able a worker should confine his labors to a field like his. I am glad if there is anything we can do to bring joy into the like of his family."

"I'll give half of a pair of blankets, if someone will give the other half," volunteered one lady, and straightway the other half was promised from the other side of the room.

"This looks like a coming back to the question of dollars and cents again," said another, "but I believe we ought not to be always spending on ourselves and leaving all the blessing of giving to the Missionary Society. I therefore move that we take fifteen dollars from our treasury and buy some good linoleum to cover the missionary's floor to keep the dust from sifting in at all the cracks, in that windy country."

The vote was unanimous in favor of the missionary's linoleum. There was a moment's thoughtful pause.

"Speaking of an uplift," said an elderly stranger, rising from her seat "I want to say how much I appreciate the courtesy and friendliness shown to me, a stranger in this church. I wish the churches of New England could just see and feel the warmth of welcome accorded to visitors here."

These kindly words sent a glow from face to face, and then as the group of earnest women that had a little while before seemd altogether engrossed in the church fair, went on to speak of this one who was sick, of that one far away whose daughter had just passed into the life eternal, of another who was a lonely stranger come to make her home in this western city, the atmosphere was charged with electric sympathy, and the uplift had come that bound them all together into a closer sisterhood that promised well for their Society for the church, and—yes, for the coming bazaar

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR NOVEMBER 29.

Henry K. Booth.

Home Missions. A Million a Year, Our Foreign Immigrants. Isa. 2: 1-22.

One of the perils that all thoughtful men see on our national horizon is that of immigration. The number that annually land on our shores is now considerably more than a million. There are two causes that have contributed to the rapid increase of these hordes of immigrants—social and political upheavals and unrest in foreign countries, and the rapidly increasing prosperity in our own land. A third cause and an influential one, is the competition of the steamship lines for passenger traffic, which has reduced the rates to a merely nominal figure. The result of this rapid influx of foreigners in the last fifty years is a foreign population of about 20,000,000 in our midst. There seems no likelihood of any dimunition of this great stream of immigration.

But it is not in mere numbers, but in its character, that the real peril of this foreign invasion consists. For many years of its earlier history the bulk of the immigrants came to us from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and Scandinavia. They were thrifty, industrious, law-abiding and easily Americanized. Today their children form one of the best classes of American citizens—sturdy, honest, prosperous, patriotic. This foreign element, by admixture with our American stock through intermarriage, has bred some of our best and most valuable citizenship. But in the last decade the character of immigration has competely changed. About 1-20 came to us last year from England and from Ireland, about 1-30 from Scotland, about 1-20 from Germany; but more than 60 per cent were from Italy, Hungary, Slavonia and the Jews of Russia. This class of immigrants are often illiterate, more than one-third being unable to read or write. They are densely ignorant, filthy in their habits, clannish in their instincts. In the large cities into which they enter they form colonies, quarters or ghettos, which are characterized by filth, squalor and ignorance. The Italians and Slavs are unruly and lawless, and crime flourishes among them. More than half the crimes committed in the United States last year can be traced to this element of our population. The liquor traffic is managed and maintained largely by this foreign element in our population. About 80 per cent of those who are engaged in the manufacture and sale o f spirituous liquors are of foreign parentage, as any reader can verify for himself by a glance at their names. We are thus allowing to enter our gates every year over a million people, more than half of whom are of that class that is practically unassimilable, and which it seems well-nigh impossible to imbue with the spirit of our American institutions. And since we have no educational qualifications worth noting for franchise, we naturalize these ignorant and vicious immigrants each year by the thousands, so that they become a political peril, threatening the perpetuity of our free institutions.

We have at present only one great institution on which we depend for the Americanization of these foreigners—the public school. It has been a potent force in teaching reverence for the flag and knowledge o f that for which it stands. No one institution has done so much to solve this great problem of the Americanization of the immigrant's child. But the public school is not capable of the solution of the problem. It is hampered seriously by the total absence of moral or religious education, and these peoples are in almost more need of moral than of intellectual enlightenment. They

can at best touch only the children of the immigrant, and that only for a very few years. Those who have read Myra Kelly's illuminating and delightful studies of Jewish school-children in New York will realize how small is the net result of the public school's influence on the ghetto.

Here, then, is a great opportunity for the church, which it has not been slow to grasp. Our Home Missionary Society is meeting the problem by its settlements, missions and churches in the large cities, and by its extensive planting of small churches all over the great West amid its foreign populations. Our Education Society is helping to educate men of these alien races to preach the gospel in their own tongue to these foreigners in our midst. The Sunday School Society has gathered together in the mill-town and the mining-camp the hordes of children of foreign parentage to teach them the simple words of Christ. The American Missionary Association is doing a great work in the education of the children of the negro and Indian in the South and West. Their work with the Chinese and Japanese of our coast through the schools and missions of our Oriental Mission is familiar to us all as it has been presented to our churches of the coast.

In all these ways the church is doing much to help solve this great problem of immigration, and to reduce its perils to our civilization. If we can Christianize the immigrant his Americanization is assured. Let us pray earnestly for the success of this work, for on it depends far more than we are aware, the future of America.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Los Angeles, Park.—Five persons united with the church at the last communion service.

Ramona.—At the November communion six members received by letter and one on confession; also five infants baptized. The prospects for the coming winter are bright. A teacher-training class has been organized with 23 members. The Junior Christian Endeavor Society continues in a flourishing condition, the children remaining a second hour every Saturday afternoon for basketry, in which they are becoming proficient. The new parsonage just being completed is a plastered bungalow, containing a living room (double the size of any other room in the house and planned for social functions), study, dining-room, kitchen, bedroom, screened porch and bath room. The plans as drawn by the pastor and builder provided many modern built-in conveniences, including large book-cases, china-closet and linen drawers, kitchen cupboards and cooler. Union Sunday evening services, alternating between the two churches of the village, have nearly doubled the attendance previously found at both churches put together.

San Francisco, Green Street.—This church can find good use for old carpets, children's and other clothing, shoes, books, furniture, etc. But we cannot pay express charges. Money is scarce and we are trying to raise $60 for Home Missions. We have no furnace and our auditorium isn't easily heated by gas jets. Volunteer workers can be put to work in a dozen different ways. The pastor, Rev. E. L. Walz, 613 Green Street, invites you to call or write.

Sherman.—The Rev. Geo. N. Musgrove has presented his resignation to the church to take effect Dec. 31. In the two years that he has been at Sherman a new auditorium has been added to the old building, providing also a basement under the whole, thus making one of the most commodious houses of worship in Southern California. The church is also nicely furnished and paid for; the surrounding oil fields and the car shops give employment to a large number of men, indeed the church is located among many people and has fine prospects. Under Mr. Musgrove the church has steadily grown, having good congregations, a fine Sunday-school and a splendid young people's society, which has also a small amount laid aside for a new organ. At Redondo Mr. Musgrove built a new parsonage and at Manhattan he also organized a church and saw completed also a beautiful little chapel. Every place at which he has labored has been blessed. Valuable church property secured and free of debt, and it is with regret that we see him leave Sherman. Mr. Musgrove is a good preacher, his wife a splendid helper and soloist, and together they build wisely and efficiently for the church.

THE CHURCH AT COLMA.

Last Sunday afternoon the hope of months was realized in the organization of a Congregational Church at Colma, of twelve charter members, four of whom were men, eight women. Following the formal service of organization, with the reception of members, baptism and the sermon by Superintendent Miles B. Fisher of the Sunday School Society, the church assembled to effect the organization by electing trustees, deacons and deaconesses and a clerk. A committee was also appointed to call a council of neighboring churches. The date chosen is Tuesday, December 1.

The church has elected no Sunday-school superintendent, nor does the constitution provide for a Sunday-school, because the Protestant Sunday-school of Colma is the earlier and independent entity, and is incorporated. The Sunday-school incorporation has erected a very well-built and attractive chapel, to which with perfect cordiality they welcome the Congregational Church. The Sunday-school has for years been befriended by our Congregational Sunday School Society, and the new church is the logical outcome of efforts there. The personnel of the church is in large part found in the school, too. A casual observer might not know but what the relation between church and school was that which usually obtains.

Colma is a town of about 1,500 people; has fewer Protestants than most other suburbs of San Francisco, but enough to call for such an organization, and to maintain it competently. Hail Colma!

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Pomona, Cal., Nov. 14, 1908.

Editor of The Pacific:

It has been suggested to me that your readers, especially in Southern California, will be interested in hearing what is being done in the matter of reorganizing our denominational work, which was inaugurated at the last annual meeting in Santa Ana, and reported fully in your paper. The Southern California Congregational Conference has joined with a will the procession of those who are moving toward the consolidation of state work and the unification of denominational institutions and interests.

The articles of incorporation adopted at Santa Ana have been completed, the first official meeting of the board of twenty-one members held and the business laid upon them by the conference begun. The purpose of this new departure is given in the by-laws as follows: "To advance the kingdom of Jesus Christ, to co-operate with our national benevolent societies, and promote the general interests of the Congregational church." The general charge of the work of the conference during the year has been committed to a board of directors, elected at the annual meeting, eleven of whom are clergymen and ten laymen. The directors will meet regularly three times a year, in October, February and May. An executive committee, to meet monthly and composed of the following persons: William Davies, J. H. Williams, C. P. Dorland and G. E. Soper, Fred M. Wilcox, A. B. Chittenden and Julian Phelps was appointed to carry out the wishes of the directors and inaugurate new plans.

At Santa Ana the time of the annual meeting was changed from October to May, consequently the first conference year will be about six months in length. So many new things are being discussed and this whole thing is so revolutionary that the directors feel justified in moving cautiously.

The board of directors of the Southern California Home Missionary Society has been requested to continue its work until the next annual meeting. It was strongly felt that a change of management in the middle of the year would

be unwise. During the summer months as was to be expected, the collections for the Home Missionary Society ran low and nearly three thousand dollars in debts have accumulated. But now that the churches are under full head once more the directors of that society will soon bring the matter to the attention of our people and quick and generous responses may be expected to wipe out all debts and bring the year to a magnificent close. In the meantime the conference directors stand ready to loyally support them in all of their endeavors.

As to the special recommendations of the conference to its board of directors, "The securing of rooms for denominational headquarters," "The self-support of our state Sunday-school work," and "The employment of a pastor-at-large," the way was not clear for immediate action upon either, but they will be taken up at the February meeting. At this meeting also the apopintment of superintendent or superintendents will be discussed and perhaps acted upon, in accordance with the provision of the by-laws. The prospect now seems bright that Congregationalism is going to rise in its might and enter more clearly in its heritage of liberty and unity than ever before; and that Southern California is to be among the first to give her prayerful and loyal and generous support to this great movement.

George E. Soper, Moderator.

JOTTINGS.

A Notable Ordination.

It took place on October 20th, and is thus a rather old bit of news, but I think that it has not yet been reported upon in The Pacific. The ordaining church was the First in Los Angeles, of which the brother ordained was a member, in its Japanese Branch. The council consisted, according to the new usage proposed to us as Congregationalists, of the churcnes in the Los Angeles Association. Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day was the Moderator. Mr. M. Furwya was the brother ordained. It was said of him that both his account of his religious experience and his statement of belief and his answers to questions were more than satisfactory, that they were delightful to hear—"clear, strong, complete."

Now, what makes the service specially notable is this: that Bro. Furwya was the first Japanese brought to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ in our work for Japanese in Los Angeles, and that being called to San Francisco for the settlement of a deceased brother's estate, he was the founder our Japanese mission in San Francisco.

For me, however, the most delightful reminiscence concerning him is this: that not long after his conversion I asked him to accompany me to San Diego, partly to see whether there were Japanese there who could be gathered into our Chinese mission, but mainly that he might address the congregation at our mission's anniversary. He consented. At the anniversary a throng assembled which crowded the large auditorium and overflowed in the Sunday-school room adjoining. When the time came for Mr. Furwya to speak I introduced him as the first fruits of our work for Japanese in Los Angeles, and he responded that since I had thus introduced him he would tell how thelight of Christ had dawned upon him. His English was clear and distinct and all the more musical because of the slight Japanese accent. His words fell from his lips sometimes like raindrops; at times, however, almost pistol shots. That sacred stillness fell upon the congregation which betokens so impressively the working of the Holy Spirit, till I found myself saying in my heart, "Ah, Bro. Furwya, I wish I could go evangelizing with you." The address reached its climax, and if I correctly remember, its close, on this wise: "One day the enemy came to me and said: 'Jesus very fine character; certainly very fine character; very good for Western people; Confucius, Boodha very good for Eastern people.' And I said: 'That is very wise; Jesus for Western people, Confucius, Boodha for Eastern people.' Then Jesus himself came to me and said, 'Who forgave your sins? Who gave you new life? Who saved you?' And I said, 'You saved me, Lord Jesus;' and from that time I have never doubted that Jesus is my Saviour. And I desire to be a gospel-bearer to my countrymen that Jesus is the Saviour." At this time he was theleading partner in what, —so far as I saw—was the finest Japanese store in Los Angeles. He laid all upon the altar and went to Chicago Theological Seminary—not venturing to come to Berkeley, because, as he said, the business will follow me there. Now, after three years he has returned to become the pastor of the Branch church in the mission where he first learned that Jesus was his Saviour. And the Lord is blessing the people through him. In less than four months twenty Japanese have joined the Branch church on confession of faith.

"Instead of the Fathers Shall Be the Children.

As I move about from church to church no clause rises to my lips, and though not spoken, cheers my heart more frequently, than this half of a stanza from one of the hymns of the ages in the hymnbook of the ancient Jewish church. There have been days of depression in the years passed when to quote those words would have deepened the darkness within. Those overcoming believers whom Christ had honored by making them pillars in the temple of our God, bore in their forms and faces, in the bent back and the silver hair, the marks of age. But there appeared to be **none** coming on to take their places when at length they could sustain the weight no longer. The promise was failing of fulfillment and the outlook was dark. But now almost everywhere the case is otherwise. Young people are coming to the front; almost crowding us elders out by the buoyancy and energy and skill with which they do the work we had been doing. I enjoy it even when it is myself that is crowded. I will not enlarge upon my personal experience. It is a long one, and once in a while a puzzling one. But even if sometimes I have felt a pang as some task which really was a privilege, some plan which I had held for 25 or even 30 years slipped out from under me and was forthwith occupied by some one who perhaps was not born when I began to serve, yet the pain was slight and only for an hour, and the joy has been continuous and deeper. Nothing, so far as I know, has suffered because I did not hold the helm, even though in my vanity I may have feared that it would. And there are lots of old fellows that can sympathize with me in this.

The ushers at our church doors are young men now. See how courteously they greet the late ones, how carefully they scan the pews to find good seats; how gracefully they move about with the baskets, or bags, or boxes in which offerings are received; how reverently they stand while in a word of prayer the offering is dedicated to the work of the Lord. Look in at the Sunday-schools. See those wide-awake young lady teachers greeting their pupils with a winsome smile and talking over the lesson in just the right way to bring the young hearts in close touch with their own, which, after all, is the principal thing to be gained in Sunday-school work—not instruction, but heart-touch with its blessed contagion of new life in Christ, and then interesting them in various departments of the great work of the churches, not only those close by, but some that are far off, half way around the globe. Then watch Christian Endeavor moving steadily on, even though more quietly than in the days of its beginning, moving on, though those who then were children may be fathers now and doing its work with a breadth in it and a depth and a realness which in its beginning were sometimes painfully absent. See how the "children" are thus training themselves for almost every department of church activity. Ah, what a gain it shows upon anything apparent sixty years ago in even those churches that were accounted models for the rest!

My eyes are not closed to the dark picture of our young people which might be drawn. These, the sight of whom here and there and almost everywhere have cheered me, are, after all, so few among the multitude. There are enough young people Sunday nights in the saloons and dives of San Francisco crowding those gates of hell, to almost flood our churches, if only they would come; and how gladly they would be welcomed! But they love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. But this has always been so. Jesus himself found it so. And it did not break his joy, and it shall not break ours, while we thank God that instead of the fathers are the children, and thus the kingdom which is righteousness, and peace,, and joy in the Holy Spirit, marches on to final victory. W. C. P.

IMPERIAL VALLEY.

Account of Some of the On-Goings at Heber.

When anything starts in Imperial valley nothing can stop it. Everything goes with a "swish" and unless one can keep up with the procession, he might as well move out of the country. When the college project took a definite form, it went with a "swish." There was no time to "ranch it," the pastor left everything and tried to meet the demands made upon him. He knows Imperial valley and he knew that unless Congregationalists could keep up with the procession they might as well move out.

The cantaloupe failure left the valley flat financially. Not only was it a failure financially, but the cantaloupe failure goes down in the history of men's lives as a great unwritten tragedy!

Would any one dare whisper "college" to these people after such an epoch in their history? The movers of the enterprise outside the valley believed they would try it. A people that could snatch their ranches from the jaws of the Colorado river and defy the heat and dirt, a people that could start life under a mesquite bush and no water for from ten to twenty-five miles could do anything! So it was decided to begin the college. Two teachers were hired. The college was about to open its doors when the faculty happened to think it might be well to have a few remarks at the opening if any students showed up. The morning before the informal opening they asked the pastor and his wife to arrange a little program. The pastor had to make a business trip to an adjoining town, so that left only afternoon and evening to arranging a program and every one lived several miles away. But there seemed to be something in the air! There was an expectancy that must be met! Callers stopped at the parsonage; they seemed to expect something imposing the next morning. What should be done? These people who were to foster the college must not be disappointed. They must be impressed that it was to be something of which they could be proud. The pastor and his wife grasped the situation. They put their wits together. Some young men were enlisted with their horses to go about, and if the people had retired to awaken them and give them the subject of their speeches to be made next morning at 9 o'clock at the college. Every one laughed and said, "I'll be there."

Next morning fifty as fine looking people as you ever set eyes on were convened in the dining-room of the new $13,000 hotel. And, friends in Southern California, you ought to have heard those speeches!! Mr. Glasby had no official right to extend greetings from the conference, but the occasion demanded it, so he never hesitated. He would rather bear the criticism of his conference than to hinder the Lord's work. The following outlines the proceedings:

Only those closely connected with the college were present. The ceremonies opened with Rev. R. L. Glasby presiding.

After the singing of a hymn, Mr. Glasby in a few well-chosen words extended greetings from the Congregational conference of Southern California, recently convened in Santa Ana. Following came the reading of the scripture from the eighth chapter of Proverbs, by Mrs. Glasby, who prefaced the reading by a few remarks. She said she counted it a great joy as well as an unspeakable privilege, to open the first Bible in the Imperial Valley Collegiate Institute.

Prayer followed by Rev. Mr. Martin of Calexico.

J. F. Giles, vice-president of the college board of trustees, was introduced and addressed his remarks to the faculty. He held up to them the great ideals to be sought in the teaching world. He said the true teacher was a sculptor, the student a block of marble. The teacher must be able to have a clear, well-defined perception of the possibilities of the marble before he makes the first stroke. His remarks were fitting and were given with much feeling.

Mr. Glasby in introducing the faculty, said in part that the time was pasing when the public thought that to secure a first class article it must be imported, but today we are thinking more of the home product.

He added: "In choosing a faculty for our new college we have selected a California product.

In response Prof. C. J. Booth, B. S., of the University of California and dean of the new college, spoke in an enthusiastic manner of the work before him. His speech had a right ring and was well received by the faculty and student body.

Prof. H. W. Moorehouse, B.A., of Beloit College, a loyal citizen of Imperial valley, followed Professor Booth. Mr. Moorehouse has been with the enterprise from the beginning and he knows the effort and energy put forth by its promoters. He knows what it has cost to launch the enterprise, in spite of tremendous drawbacks. "But," he said, "I have faith in the enterprise. I have faith in the trustees and officials of the institution. I have faith in the student body. I have faith in the people of Imperial valley, and I have faith in the great Congregational Church behind it all."

The chairman very happily then introduced some young men who brought greetings from their alma mater. Oliver Youngs, Berkeley, class of '04, was the first to speak. He knows Professor Booth personally and spoke of him as one of the brightest men of his class. He won honors all along his college course. "Berkeley is proud of him and confident of his future," he said. He extended most hearty greetings to the new college.

Maurice H. Rowell of Beloit, class '07, then extended greetings from his alma mater. He spoke somewhat of the history of Beloit College. The pioneer conditions similar to the Heber College, the tremendous courage and faithfulness of its first promoters, the great sacrifices and hardships endured by all connected with it the first few years, the loyalty of the Congregational Church, which fostered it, and last, the glorious victory which has given Beloit recognition among the first colleges of the land.

Judge Willard was then introduced and spopke in behalf of the citizens of Heber. Mr. Willard is very loyal to the ranchers of Imperial valley. He said he was pleased that the rancher was to be honored with a place in the new college curriculum. He spoke of the beauty of nature growth, the beautiful science that unfolded and developed that growth, the great mistakes and tragedies of the rancher that could be avoided if he had a scientific knowledge of the "how and why" of nature. Here he was to have the opportunity at his very door.

In closing the program, Mr. Glasby spoke to the student body in the capacity of pastor of the college church. He welcomed them most heartily to the town and to the church services. He held up to them the life o f Jesus Christ as the great ideal in moral, intellectual and spiritual attainment. There is no culture like the culture of the Master of men. He taught the culture of the intellect, the culture of the moral side of man and the culture of the spiritual. The church is the great school for heart culture. Without grace of heart no life is complete. The church lays great stress upon intellectual attainment, but it puts first and foremost the moral and spiritual. Students of Heber were welcomed to this school of heart culture. The exercises concluded by the singing of "America."

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Thursday, November 5th, was a day of great rejoicing on the part of the members and friends of the Congregational Church at Willamina, Yamhill county—in fact, it was a red-letter day in the history of that body of believers. (Parenthetically, I may say, that the name "Willamina" came from Mrs. Willamina Maley, an Oregon pioneer who came from Illinois in 1845, and was the first white woman to cross the creek at the point where the town of Willamina now stands—hence the name.) Seventeen years ago the house of worship at this place was built while Rev. Thomas H. Henderson was pastor. Regular services were maintained a number of years in connection with the church at Sheridan, which was organized soon afterwards. But for at least the last eight years the house of worship at Willamina has been used intermittently by various denominations, and meanwhile many of the members of the Congregational household of faith have drifted elsewhere, so that there was but a very small number of Congregationalists in the vicinity, and no regular pastor. Last June, Superintendent Folsom, of the C. H. M. S., learning that Rev. Arthur L. Ferris and his wife, Rev. Jeanette L. Ferris, of Grand Rapids Michigan, desired a change of climate, and were willing to take work in a hard field, assigned Mrs. Ferris to the Willamina and Sheridan churches. She began with a house-to-house visitation at once, and with encouraging words she

has called for action in the way of a fulfillment of duty. During these four and a half months the church has been renovated throughout, and it now has new electric lights, new carpet and aisle matting, new chairs in the pulpit, new organ, and a general toning up around the premises. This led to the re-dedication of the church on the day above mentioned.

In the afternoon Mrs. Cady, superintendent of the Junior Y. P. S. C. E., caused that Society of thirty members to give an exercise of a very interesting character in the nature of a regular meeting in their own way. Then followed the communion service and an hour of consecration. In the evening Mr. Ferris gave a stereopticon lecture on the life of Paul, which was followed by the dedicatory sermon by Rev. Luther R. Dyott of the Portland First Church. The dedicatory prayer was made by Superintendent Folsom, and Rev. Howard N. Smith of the C. S. S. & P. S., in a few minutes raised $75 to pay the last bills for the improvements that have been made. Mrs. Ferris has certainly performed a most excellent work in connection with the Willamina and Sheridan churches, largely in the nature of arousing these churches to a realizing sense of a greater willingness to help themselves.

On November 11th a council consisting of Rev. John Hopp, of the Ebenezer Church, Portland, Rev. J. M. Barber of Hillside, Prof. Joseph W. Marsh, Forest Grove, Rev. Howard N. Smith of the C. S. S. & P. S., Superintendent Arthur J. Folsom, and Rev. Mr. Vogt, of the Cedar Mills Church, with delegates met to recognize the newly-organized church of thirteen members at Moutaindale. This is eighteen miles from Cedar Mills, but the pastor of that church will serve both fields. The community is rich in natural resources and is bound to grow; hence the organization of a church there is an important event.

The next meeting of the Pacific Coast Congregational Congress, to be held in 1909, was assigned to Portland at the meeting at Los Angeles in May, 1906. This matter will now be taken up very soon, by the ministers of this vicinity, and a program of exercises made up.

Portland, Nov. 15, 1908.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Charles R. Brown is expected in his pulpit in Oakland next Sunday.

At the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday the paper will be by Dr. Pond.

The Los Angeles Times of Monday says concerning the evangelistic meetings by Dr. Torrey: "The first week of his revival in Los Angeles has been remarkable in the size of its audiences, and many men and women have answered his call to a new life. From 4,000 to 6,000 people have sat under his preaching twice each day, not more than one of the audiences having fallen under 4,000. Both he and those associated with him look for phenomenal results before the close of the month."

In his "Jottings" in The Pacific this week Dr. Pond writes in a delightful manner on the words, "Instead of the fathers shall be the children." In linking together past and present, as he has in the columns of The Pacific from time to time of late, as he has gone about among the churches, Dr. Pond has been adding valuable service to valuable service.

The Rev. W. E. Eckles, who has been in charge of the work at Adin for a few weeks, will remain a while longer in order that everything may be in the best condition possible for a pastor. Mr. Eckles writes that the work is improving wonderfully. On the 25th of October fifteen people attended the church services. November 1st there were seventy-five, and on November 8th there were eighty. As already announced in The Pacific, Mr. Eckles has accepted a call from the churches at Loomis and Rocklin.

A COMBINATION SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

Persons renewing subscriptions to The Pacific before December 30 can have The Pacific and any one of the following named publications for a year for $2.65:

Sunset Magazine, Pacific Monthly, American Magazine, American Boy, Camera Craft, Children's Magazine, Cosmopolitan Magazine, Good Health, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Bazar, Kindergarten Review, Metropolitan, Success Magazine, Travel Magazine, Van Norden's Magazine, What To Eat, Woman's Home Companion, World To-Day.

By adding 65 cents each to the $2.65 any number of the Magazines named in the foregoing paragraph may be had. For example: Sunset and Pacific Monthly with The Pacific, $3.30. Sunset, Pacific Monthly, and Good Housekeeping, with The Pacific, $3.95.

For $3.10; The Pacific and one of the following may be had: McClure's, Everybody's or Hampton's Broadway Magazine.

For $3.50 The Pacific and The Review of Reviews.

For $4.25 The Pacific and World's Work.

$6.50 for $4.05.

For $4.05 The Pacific, Review of Reviews, and Good Housekeeping. The total price of these three publications, taken separately, would be $6.50. We will send the three for a year for $4.05. In place of Good Housekeeping, Sunset, Pacific Monthly or American Magazine may be substituted.

For New Subscribers for The Pacific.

Friends of The Pacific are authorized to offer to persons not now subscribers for The Pacific any one of these combinations for one dollar less than the amounts therein named. Any of the $2.65 combinations can be had by new subscribers for The Pacific for $1.65. The $3.50 combination for $2.50; the $4.05 combination for $3.05.

THE "HIRAM BINGHAM."

The new missionary schooner, "Hiram Bingham," has spread her white sails and is on her way to the Gilbert Islands. On Saturday, Nov. 7th, at 10 a. m., she was set apart for her work by a simple, but impressive service, a goodly number of pastors, superintendents and children from the churches and Sunday-schools about the bay being gathered at Howard street wharf for the occasion. Rev. Joseph Rowell made the opening prayer; Rev. F. M. Price, formerly a missionary in Micronesia, spoke very instructively of the need for this new messenger of the Sunday-schools and churches among the Gilbert Islands; Dr. I. C. Meserve gave the Godspeed of the churches and Sunday-schools; Dr. Walter Frear offered a very tender and appropriate dedicatory prayer, and Secretary Tenney presented the keys of the new boat to Captain Walkup and turned her over to his keeping. Captain Walkup made a very happy response, setting forth the character of the work which he hopes to do with this new ship, and the service closed with the singing of "Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

On Tuesday, Nov. 10th, she went under her own power out through the Golden Gate, Secretary Tenney and a testing engineer accompanying her. She has a complement of three sailors, and Captain Walkup's son and daughter accompany him. She carries in her hold some of the Gilbert Island Bibles translated by Dr. Hiram Bingham, and copies

of his commentary and dictionary. The beautiful oak table presented by the Micronesian Islanders to the "Morning Star" was put on board, and also English Bibles and hymn-books from the "Morning Star." She carries also the annual supplies for the payment of the Gilbert Island teachers, and boxes for different missionaries in Micronesia. Captain Walkup is to remain for a week at Honolulu, but hopes to reach his final destination before Christmas.

Contributions are coming in from the different Sunday-schools about the bay and in the Pacific Coast district, and we hope that all of the schools may have a part in the building of this necessary boat. The special exercises, entitled "The Call of the Little Islands," collection envelopes, and certificates of stock, can all be obtained from Secretary Tenney, Room 18, Barker Block, Berkeley.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDEMNATION AND SYMPATHY.

The Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity at their meeting last Monday adopted unanimously the following:

Whereas, in common with our fellow citizens we were inexpressably shocked at the attempt made upon the life of Assistant District Attorney Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, in that city last Friday; and desiring to express our utmost abhorence of the foul deed and our sympathy with the wounded champion of righteousness, and his sorrowing wife, be it

Resolved, That we, the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, in meeting assembled, do express our appreciation of Mr. Heney's self-sacrificing service to the community; that we unite with all good people in assuring him of our hearty support in his arduous task, when he shall, in the providence of our Heavenly Father, resume it.

Further, that we most affectionately sympathize with him in his hours of pain and with his wife in her sorrow. Also that our prayers for his recovery are offered to the All-gracious Father, who blesses every effort for righteousness.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

By Dr. James H. McLaren of Riverside.

(Tune—Hebron.)

As eagles upward in their flight
Arise to meet the glorious sun;
So may our souls with sweet delight
Ascend to Thee, Eternal One.

O God, whose goodness swells our store,
Whose blessings countless crown our days
Accept we humbly Thee implore,
Our heartfelt gratitude and praise.

Through ages past Thy care we own,
O Father! still with us abide;
And through the future dim unknown,
Do Thou our wandering footsteps guide.

With prayer and thanks to Thee we turn,
Great Ruler, of this wide rich land,
And in her onward march discern,
A loving Father's guiding hand.

THE HOME

KEEP SWEET.

Don't be foolish and get sour when things don't come your way—
Don't you be a pampered baby and declare, "Now, I won't play!"
Just go grinning on and bear it;
Have you heartache? Millions share it;
If you earn a crown, you'll wear it—
Keep sweet.

Don't go handing out your troubles to your busy fellowmen—
If you whine around they'll try to keep from meeting you again.
Don't declare the world's "agin" you,
Don't let pessimism win you,
Prove there's lots of good stuff in you—
Keep sweet.

If your dearest hopes seem blighted and despair looms into view,
Set your jaw and whisper grimly, "Though they're false, yet I'll be true."
Never let your heart grow bitter;
With your ear to Hope's transmitter,
Hear Love's songbirds bravely twitter,
Keep sweet.

Bless your heart, this world's a good one, and will always help a man;
Hate, misanthropy, and malice have no place in Nature's plan.
Help your brother there who's sighing,
Keep his flag of courage flying;
Help him try—'t will keep you trying—
Keep sweet.

—Baltimore American.

A DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The Reverened Mark Sylvester paced the floor of his library. His Sunday services were over, but the evening of his busy day brought the feeling of discontent and irritation that was becoming all too familiar to him since he had accepted the "unanimous call' to St. Bernard's, Moreton.

His brows were furrowed—his eyes bent gloomily on the floor and his hands dug deep in his pockets.

"It's incomprehensible!" he muttered to himself at last.

The minister had a handsome face, with deep-set, dark eyes. The mouth and chin conveyed an earnest purpose, but as he threw out the impatient exclamation, an expression of bitterness momenfarily marred it.

A slight girl, pale and indeterminate in colouring, with lips curved in a discontented droop, looked up from a book, whose leaves she was fluttering between yawns.

"What's incomprehensible, Mark?" she demanded. "Oh, I know—the empty church, you mean," she added quickly, replying to her own question.

"Who was it who said it required an exceptionally clever man to preach to an expanse of timber?" Mark went on,

with a cynical laugh. "This much at least I can vouch for—it takes a cleverer one than I am."

His sister made no attempt to comfort him.

"Hadleymere has spoilt you," she observed.

The remark did not serve to allay his irritation.

"What is the explanation of it?" he demanded almost fiercely, and as if his sister were to blame. "I take as much pains with my sermons as I ever did. God knows, I exchanged Hadleymere for this, with no thought of self-advancement—simply because I believed it was a door opened to me, I had no right to close. I am not conscious that my spiritual life is at a lower ebb than it was in Hadleymere," he added, half to himself.

Marie Sylvester stretched out a patent toe and examined it thoughtfully, before she spoke.

"It has nothing to do with any of these things," she said at last, deliberately. "It is one of those enigmas that cannot be explained. I have noticed it in other spheres besides the pulpit. A man may draw crowds in one place and be confronted by figuratively empty benches in another. And yet the man himself hasn't changed. It is simply that he has not 'caught on.' I cannot quite express what I mean. It sounds a ridiculous thing to say—but it seems to me that popularity is, to some extent at least, a local thing."

An accentuated furrow on the minister's brow appeared to point to his having derived small comfort from his sister's explanations. He took several turns up and down the room in silence.

"Olive won't like it!" he observed at last.

"She'll get accustomed to it," returned his companion, with the philosophy with which a sister, ousted from her brother's house, contemplates possible unpleasantness in store for the interloping wife.

"She won't like it!" he reiterated. "She has seen me the minister of a crowded congregation—a center, in a small way. She isn't in the least prepared for the meagre attendance here. I don't know how to break it to her."

"Don't break it all!" advised the counsellor. "Let her find out for herself. Her love isn't worth much if it will be influenced by the numbers of your congregation."

Mark dropped the subject, feeling unreasonably annoyed with his sister. But the nightmare of his sparsely-filled church and how it would affect his young wife continued to weigh upon his spirits—to an absurd degree, as he told himself in his more rational moments.

He knew that his hearers in Moreton were a spiritually-minded set, but even this consideration, from which he might have derived consolation, was swamped in the feeling that Olive would consider him a failure.

He took his sister's advice about not breaking the unpalatable fact to her, not that the counsel specially appealed to him, but simply because no other course suggested itself for him to follow. But throughout the subsequent wedding preparations and the attendant bustle, the thing hung like a brooding cloud on his soul. He even took it into his head that Olive, when she came to know the real state of the case, might accuse him of inducing her to marry him under false pretences!

The first Sunday after the minister brought home his young wife was a glorious one in July. But Mark was oddly absent at breakfast. Something prevented him giving undivided attention to the girlish figure in the white dress behind the coffee-pot. Olive noticed it, but ascribed it to preoccupied thoughts of his Sunday services. Meantime the minister was asking himself whether his young wife would look upon him with less partial eyes, when she should discover that he was no longer a wide-spread influence—a brilliantly shining light—but the humblest, most modest of luminaries.

"Have you got the heads by heart?" Olive asked him with a smile.

"Heads have gone out of fashion," he returned, smiling back at her absently.

"There is a fashion in preaching as in other things, I suppose," she mused aloud. "Are you the fashion here, as you were in Hadleymere, Mark?"

The minister winced. The words had struck home. At the moment, the first toll of the church-bells floated out on the still summer air, and, secretly relieved, he abruptly dropped the conversation.

Anxiously surveying his audience from the pulpit, the Reverend Mark knew instinctively that the unusually large attendance was due to the presence of his bride and to curiosity. At early dinner, Olive asked innocently:

"Have the people left Moreton for their holidays? Somehow I did not think they would have gone so early;" and he aswered feebly:

"Why, no! They don't leave till August."

"What was the reason of the poor attendance, then?" she persisted; and he lacked the courage to tell her it was better than usual.

But at evenig service numbers had dwindled to their normal. The pews downstairs were sparsely filled. The gallery showed depressing gaps. Yet, strange to say, the minister, unaccountably uplifted, surpassed himself. He preached a stirring and spiritual discourse, although all the time doubly conscious of the state o f affairs—seeing them, not through his own merely, but also, as he believed, through Olive's eyes. What would she feel? Inevitably she would be astonished, disappointed, chagrined.

As the service drew to a close, afraid of what he might see on the face of his young wife, he did not trust himself to glance in the direction of the minister's pew. He gave out the final hymn, and his voice was a shade unsteady at the benediction.

Olive was waiting for him at the close, and they walked home, but almost in silence. Supper, too, was a silent meal. A heavy depression hung on Mark like a pall, as his mind insisted on reading into his wife's, his own sensations.

When supper was over he could stand it no longer. He stopped pacing the floor abruptly, and came to where she sat.

"You see, Olive," he said, with almost a touch of defiance in his tone, "it is as I said. I am not the fashion in Moreton. You were astonished at the smallness of the morning's congregation. It was larger than usual. I am not the popular preacher here I was in Hadleymere. I don't pretend to be able to explain the why or the wherefore. I may have deteriorated—and I may not."

The young wife raised blue, questioning eyes to his. He had retreated to the hearthrug. She was puzzled, even a little startled. Then gradually they filled with a dawning comprehension. She crossed to the hearthrug and stood by him, laying one hand caressingly on his coat-sleeve. There was silence between them. Then she spoke.

"Popularity has always seemed a fickle thing to me, Mark—not safe to trust to."

Inwardly astonished at her words, the minister defended himself against the implied reproof. "A man wants to succeed in whatever he puts his hand to. In the care of souls,

as in other spheres, ambition is—is permissible—even laudable, to my thinking. There is such a thing as 'a divine discontent.' "

"I know—I know," she agreed quickly, and her hands stretched up and clasped themselves about his arm. "But is success—real, true, lasting success—to be measured by—by **crowds?**"

The question staggered him. The girl he had married was showing herself in an unexpected light.

"I thought you would mind," he said at last, the words wrung from him, as it were, in his astonishment.

"I—mind?" she echoed, surprised in her turn. "Why should I? And what is there to mind? I was proud of you tonight—as proud of you as I have ever been in Hadleymere, when the pews were packed and chairs in the aisles. Mark, you seemed to me to have **grown—**spiritually. I do not count crowds as a criterion."

He continued to stare down at her in his surprise. What strange new light was this young wife of his shedding on things!—revolutionizing his ideas—laying bare to the day a host of unsuspected motives—showing him his inmost self in its unlovely nakedness! He was conscious of a slowly-dawning sensation of shame.

Olive fingered the lapel of his coat in some confusion, as if shy of expressing further sentiments.

"When she spoke it was evidently with an effort.

"It has sometimes struck me, Mark," she said slowly, "we are too much for wide fields and big results. It may be the vanity in us—I do not know. But it seems to me that should only 'the corner to shine in' be granted us, we need not feel it too narrow a sphere! Oh, Mark, if you can influence a few souls deeply—for their spiritual good—it is more worth—a thousands times more worth while, than drawing crowds!"

She stopped, her eyes sparkling, her lips tremulous. Strangely moved, the minister drew her closer. His pulses thrilled. A great rush of relief came at her words. Of a sudden, the haunting sense of failure—at least of the smallness of numbers that had seemed to spell failure—fell away from him. An oppression seemed to lift from off his soul.

But was it possible that his had been a mere sordid, worldly ambition, after all? Was it possible that self had so blocked his clearer outlook on things—so blinded his vision—that what he had cloaked beneath the name of a "divine discontent" was nothing more than a very human vanity?—F. Robertson in British Weekly.

"THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING."
Rev. W. W. Riley.

It seems almighty easy,
And nice and bright and breezy,
To occupy a pew,
And hear a brilliant preacher,
A good religious teacher,
Just tell you what to do.

His platitudes will pelt you,
His eloquence will melt you,
You drop a silent tear;
You seek full absolution,
And make new resolutions,
To guide you through the year.

But when you meet the rabble
In the streets, again you dabble
In the muddy pool of sin.
You forget your brilliant preacher
And your good religious teacher,
And the devils slyly grin.

Woodland, Cal.

Young People

YOUR NICHE.

There's a niche for you in the world, my boy,
A corner for you to fill,
And it waits to-day
Along life's way
For the boy with a frank "I will."
So, lad, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche in the world for you, my girl,
A corner for you to fill;
For a girl that is kind,
With a pure, sweet mind,
A place that is waiting still.
So, lass, be true;
The world wants you
In the corner that you may fill.

There's a niche for you both in the world, my dears,
A corner for you to fill
And a work to do
Which no one but you
In God's great plan can fulfill.
So, dears,, be true;
The world wants you,
And your place is waiting still.

THE TWO COLLEGE BOYS.

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college, after which they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large shipbuilding firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.

"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out he remarked to his waiting companion. "You can go in and 'leave your address.' "

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron.

One week passed, and the president, meeting the superintendent, asked: "How is the new man getting on."

"Oh," said the boss, "he did his work so well that I put him over the gang."

In one year this man had reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harnesses and carriages.

HEAPING COALS OF FIRE.

"Where is mother? I want her," said an impatient young voice at the study door.

The minister turned around from his writing, and saw a red-faced, tousled boy standing there with his hand still on the door-knob.

"Your mother has gone to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Clark. What did you want with her, my son?"

Casting a glance at the lad, and noting his ruffled aspect, Mr. Graham continued:

"You seem to be in trouble, young man. Surely not fighting, I trust. Come in, and let me fill mother's place for once."

He beckoned the boy to a low couch near the fire, and wheeled his chair around to face it.

Harry walked over slowly, and seated himself; then, in response to his father's "now," burst out vehemently:

"It's that hateful Dan Simmons. He played a dirty, low trick on me this afternoon just because I took away a frog that he was tormenting at noon recess, and flung it over the wall into the creek. I knew he was mad, but he didn't say anything then, so I never had any suspicion of what he was going to do. You see, Miss Hallowell is dreadful nervous and 'steriky, so she can't bear to look at frogs, or bugs, or mice, or—anything. Well, when she called me up to explain a diagram in physical geography, what should jump into her lap but a big green frog! He landed plump on her hands. Gracious! Didn't she scream! Then she went off into some kind of a fit, and the principal and other teachers had to come in and look after her. Pretty fine rumpus, I can tell you."

Harry paused a moment for breath.

"I fail to see where your trouble could be, so far," remarked his father.

The boy's eyes flashed as he resumed his story.

"Why, it was this way. When Mr. Dexter began to investigate, more than a dozen scholars declared that the frog jumped out of my pocket. They were boys and girls whose word was good. It didn't do a mite of good for me to declare that I did not know a thing about it, not at all, for Dan got up and said that I took a frog away from him before school that looked just like that one. That settled it, and tomorrow my punishment will be measured out according to the amount of injury to Miss Hallowell's nerves."

"Then," more slowly, "after school Simmons began to jeer and hoot at me, and I told him just what I thought of him. He flew at me, and I had—really had"—deprecatingly—"to defend myself. I fancy that he is satisfied that I can, for the last I saw of him he was sitting in a mud-puddle spitting out the sand that he scooped up when he fell," chuckled Harry.

Mr. Graham's mustache twiched in a queer way, but he only said:

"It would be a good idea to call at Miss Hallowell's home presently, apologize for the fright you unintentionally caused, and explain matters as you have to me. If your record before has been clean, I do not think they will deal hardly with you."

"I'll pay him back for it though," uttered Harry, wrathfully. An angry light glittered in his eyes, and he cleanched his brown fists. "If he thinks he can walk over me in this way, he'll find out his mistake very soon, for I'll be even with him before long.'

"Softly, my boy," cautioned the minister. "Take time to think. What do you propose to do for the sake of revenge?"

"Oh, I'll plan some way before morning," said Harry.

"Are you going to emulate him, and play a low trick on him to make it even?" queried the father. "Because by so doing you will have to lower yourself to the level of his standard of conduct. Just hand me that old leather-bound book on my table, and read what it says just there."

Harry read aloud: "Certainly in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; for it is a prince's part to pardon. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keepeth his own wound green, which otherwise would heal and do well."

"Humph, according to that, I should pardon Simmons for what he did to me."

"And that would be too hard, eh, Harry?" asked Mr. Graham.

"The fellows will think I'm a softy if I pass it over," was the dubious answer. "But I'll try it, and see how Bacon's ideas work when applied to grammar school rows.

"A dignified silence may frighten him more than any other thing," commented the minister.

"There's a better book and a better rule for such cases. Can't you 'heap coals of fire on his head'?" came a gentle suggestion as Harry was leaving the room.

Harry shook his head doubtfully.

"Most too rough on a fellow, that would be." Then hesitatingly, as he caught the wistful look in his father's face. "Besides, there's nothing of the kind to do—unless I get him the place on our ball team that he wants so bad. But we want only decent fellows on it."

"Perhaps that would make him over into one," his father said.

The next morning Harry reported: "I told Dan last night I'd fix it all right about the ball team. Never said a word about the frog; but when I got to school he'd told Dexter about it. You were right, after all, father."—Zion's Herald.

THANKSGIVING.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

O how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

—Joseph Addison.

THE UNWRITTEN LETTER.

I did mean to write the letter,
But delayed me for a better,
For a more convenient day,—
Deemed it but a brief delay.

Thus the message kind and true
Chanced to be long over due.
"I was busy here and there;"
Selfish thought and selfish care;

Forgot the narrow bounds of life,
Forgot each path with Death is rife,
Till one day these words were said,
"Do you know your friend is dead?"

Oh vain regret! Oh shocked surprise!
No letters pass beyond the skies,
But from the skies, so blue and clear,
A solemn voice I seemed to hear:—

"Where is thy brother? Where thy friend?"
Vain answer this the heart must lend:
"Busy thy servant here and yon,
And when I looked the man was gone."

Forget not then the word of cheer
And smile, to give the friend that's near,
Or the letter that ought to go
To the distant one who needs it so;—
Forget not in the sordid strife,
The higher, finer things of life.

—Charles A. Banister.

Indian Orchard, July, 1908.

BEAUTY ATTAINED THROUGH CHARACTER.

Study the faces of those round about you; study your own face in the mirror, and if it fail in any respect to represent your ideal of human beauty, ask yourself the reason why. When you have discovered the cause of its defects, you will find the remedy lies entirely within yourself.

Many years ago I was in the home of a young lady prominent in the society in which she moved. She was as destitute of physical charm as any woman you would be likely to meet. I looked from her to her portrait on the wall, the work of an inspired artist, and was struck by the contrast. The painter had been moved to a true understanding of the duty involved in his task, and had put on his canvas the image of the soul to which his gaze had penetrated. The picture was noble and beautiful in its reflection of the inner life, and one felt at a glance how faithfully it portrayed the spiritual reach possible to the woman whose real life it presented.

In youth she had often said, while standing before her glass: "How can anybody love me,—I am so hopelessly homely?" But she was as wise and brave as she was plain. Thinking on the matter devoutly, she resolved that if she could give no pleasure to her friends by her looks, she would give them pleasure by her attainments and her conduct. She has held to her resolution, and I have noted through the passage of the years, the gradual approach of the character and expression of her countenance to the beauty of the ideal portrait.

She will realize all its truth if her life be spared, for the cells, those busy minions of the will, are steadily softening the rugged features and imbuing them with a spiritual grace; the eyes are glowing with a deeper, tenderer light, and the whole figure is growing eloquent with an outspoken, far-reaching kindliness and good-will.

Her friends remark the subtle alteration, and declare with a vague wonder, "Why, she is becoming more than beautiful. In her best moods and moments she is ennobled, glorified." And they speak the truth, for she is the glad exponent of an immutable law of nature, which works incessantly to mould matter into unison with spirit.

"Our ideals are our possibilities." If our motive is fine, our bearing and aspect will not fail to declare the fact. If our disposition is open and generous and kindly, the countenance and the manner will be correspondingly benign and magnetic. Whatever gentle or noble qualities rule in the character, we shall read their evidence unmistakably in the outward expression. Put this to the test and you will be surprised at the transfiguration your body will undergo. —From a Review of Sara A. Hubbard in "The Duty of Being Beautiful"—Success.

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